

## UMPIRE'S GAY LIFE

RECREATOR IN "BUSH LEAGUE"  
HAS REAL JOYOUS  
TIME.

### WAYS OF SOUTHERN JUSTICE

Pitcher Reagan's Run-In With the  
Umpire Almost Lands Him in  
Turpentine Camp—Napping of Um-  
pires Is a Fine Art.

By HUGH S. FULLERTON.

Amongst the experts of gay lives in  
that of the "bush league" umpire.  
This is a man of the joys of an um-  
pire's existence, and of the ways of  
southern justice.

There is a pitcher, Reagan, who'll  
call him, who now is in another  
league. He is a spitball pitcher and a  
little tight bundle of nerve and cour-  
age, with a temper that fits the Re-  
gan exactly.

A month or so ago he was pitching  
for Mobile. A few days ago I met  
him, and back somewhere in the dis-  
tance of memory was the recollection  
that he had had some trouble  
down south.

"What was that row you had?" I  
asked.

"See," he said, "wasn't that the row  
about a fellow over here?"

"I don't remember just what it was."

"Why, do you know, they threw me  
into jail down there, kept me in jail  
eight days, fined me \$125 and were  
going to send me to the turpentine  
camps."

His voice quivered with indignation.

"What did you do?"

"Me? Nothing at all. Then south-  
erners are down on a northern fellow.  
If it hadn't been that the old judge  
went away on his vacation and a  
young one took his place, I'd have  
been sent to the turpentine camp  
sure, to work a year."

"But what did you do?"

"Me? Nothing. Just had a little  
run-in with the umpire. Then they  
dragged me off the field, tried to mob  
me, and threw me into jail."

His voice quivered again.

"But what did you do? They couldn't  
do that for nothing."

"Say, you don't know them south-  
erners. They'll do anything if they  
get sore on a northerner."

"Tell me about it," I said, coaxingly.

"Well, it was this way. We were  
playing Gulfport, and I had them  
busted 4 to 2 in the ninth inning.  
There were two out and a man on  
first base and two strikes on the bat-  
ter, so it looked as if the game was  
as good as over. That better couldn't  
hit me against my spirit, and he  
knew it. I broke a spit ball right  
through the center of the plate, right  
across his belt, the most perfect  
strike you ever saw, and that man of  
an umpire called it a ball.

"I didn't say much to him. I just  
told him he was a blank blank, blank  
blank robber, and let it go at that.  
I'd pitched that fellow four spit balls,  
so I pretended I was going to pitch  
another, and then shot a fast one right

sent straight the next morning and  
spent a couple of hours with him. He  
claimed the wage. Klem did not per-  
sist, so he went every time Klem  
looked at him, even held up  
five fingers and looked the other way.  
He kept this up until Klem paid.  
Then he carried the five-dollar bill  
in his tailcoat and waved it at the  
umpire every chance he got. Finally  
that were out and Klem began to look  
at Klem every time Klem came onto  
the field and at the same time he  
rubbed his throat with strong down-  
ward motions, insinuating that Klem's  
heart was coming into his mouth.  
And yet they wonder that umpires  
get mad.

Patrick Henry Dougherty of the  
White Sox is such a quiet and under-  
stated ball player that most of the  
fans imagine he is indifferent as to the  
result of games. This fact is that it  
bores him as much as anyone to lose.  
He seldom talks, but once he made a  
kick at Tim Lincecum—whereby hangs  
this tale.

Patrick Henry was at bat late in the  
game, when a hit meant a lot, and he



As the Umpire Looks to the Fan.

was anxious to deliver the safe drive.  
He played the pitcher out to the limit,  
and with two strikes and three balls  
called, he sighted down the grooves  
ready to spank the ball squarely be-  
tween the seams. He saw the ball  
shoot five inches away from the cor-  
ner of the plate, let it go and started  
to trot to first base. Imagine his sur-  
prise when Hurst said: "Strike three,  
you're out."

Dougherty was mad all the way  
through. He picked up his bat and re-  
marked:

"Hurst, you're a blank blank crook  
and a thief."

"Do you think that of me, Patrick  
Henry?" asked Hurst, in his suave  
tone.

"Yes, you blank blank blankety  
blank robber, I do," spluttered  
Dougherty, wild with rage.

"If I were you, Patrick Henry," re-  
marked Hurst, in his softest and sil-  
liest tones, "I wouldn't associate with  
persons of that character. Oh, on of  
the ball field."

And Dougherty went to the club-  
house grinning.

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### THOUGHT HIS TIME HAD COME

Exceedingly Disconcerting Experience  
of Singer in an English Mu-  
sic Hall.

Stage fright of the sort that afflic-  
ted "Whit" Ousille, at one time a  
prominent singer in English music  
halls, is not avoidable. Fortunately,  
also, it is not common. At a place  
where he was engaged in singing  
ham one of the attractions was a lion  
show, some of the beasts being real-  
ly wild and unfamished. Nearly the  
whole stage was taken up with the  
"setting"—the animal show.

"Just as I was going on," said Ous-  
ille, in telling the incident, "I heard  
a hurried rush and confused shouting,  
and some one exclaimed an lion gone.  
I heard a voice say, 'Just in time; he  
was nearly out.' My music was start-  
ing, so I had no time to inquire. I  
went on the stage.

"In a moment I heard ominous  
growls and savage snarls mixed with  
much whip-cracking and strenuous  
breathing. I am never fond of a wild  
animal show and I felt distinctly nerv-  
ous that night. The clock behind me  
sagged and swayed—and then, to my  
horror, suddenly in the wings I saw  
the huge head and front of a lion!

"I was singing a song called 'I  
Would,' which had a lot of short ver-  
ses. As I sang them, my blood run-  
ning cold, I watched the lion. It  
seemed slowly to advance and its  
baleful eyes glittered in a truly hor-  
rible way. I could not go off that side  
without pausing it, so I prepared to  
exit with haste.

"Turning, I was doubly horrified to  
see another lion on the other side!

"I was caught like a mouse in a  
trap. I dared not go off the stage; I  
dared not show my discomfort to the  
audience. There was only one  
thing for me to do—sing. So I sang  
in desperation, hoping that some one  
would come and take those lions  
away. They told me afterwards that  
I sang ninety-eight verses! But I  
think that was unkind.

"I wondered how long it would take  
those two brutes to make up their  
minds to come into the full glare of  
the footlights, and I had just prepared  
to leap into the stalls, regardless of  
the consequences, when I heard the  
hoarse voice of one of the stage  
hands say: 'Tee, Hoo, those two  
chaps are too far forward. Give a  
hand with them, will you?' And com-  
ing up between the two lions, they  
lifted them bodily. They were pal-  
mer-matched!"

## PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING  
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

## HEALTH IN ACTIVITY

Happiness and Work Always Go  
Hand in Hand.

### SMALL USE FOR THE IDLE

World Appreciates the One Who  
Makes the Most of the Time Al-  
located—Keeping Busy Intelli-  
gently Is to Be Healthy.  
Happy and Helpful.

There is a saying familiar to most  
of us that "the busy people always  
seem to have the most time," and it is  
in the busy ones that people usually  
look if they need help of any kind.

No one turns with a shadow of real  
hope to the idle people, for their con-  
gealed brains cannot supply enough  
occupation for themselves, let alone  
helping others, declares a writer in  
the Pittsburgh Dispatch. It is strange,  
however, to think that any two in-  
dividuals brought up in like environ-  
ment, should develop on such differ-  
ent lines; the one perhaps idle, with  
only his or her own concerns to look  
after, the other constantly busy, but  
with time to spare where it always  
does the most good to others.

It is claimed, and perhaps justly,  
that the idle or incompetent folk are  
the pessimists, while the busy ones  
are the optimists of the world.

We know that if a housewife does  
not adopt a system about her work  
she will never have time for anything  
else in life, and there is a lot to do  
and to be seen. Teach children that  
if they work at their little tasks faith-  
fully while they are at them the hour  
of play will be a fuller reward. It is  
not an easy task to teach them, but it  
is such an infinite help to them later  
in life that it seems worth the strug-  
gle or sacrifice on our part.

The ground is often taken that busy  
people are happiest because they do  
not have time to stop and consider  
their trials in detail, measure their  
misery, as it were. The idle people  
are so interested in their own trou-  
bles, comparing them with those of  
neighbors and friends, that they learn  
to love the sorrows and terrors of life,  
wasting valuable time in self-pity.

Exhaustive grief, we learn, is a let-  
tury which only the wealthy can afford  
to indulge. With just plain, honest  
sorrow we can still be of great use  
in the world, and by doing for others  
forget our own troubles.

Idleness is an unhealthy complaint,  
producing inactivity of mental and  
physical functions. The art of being  
busy means health, removing all slugh-  
gish conditions. Hence, to be busy  
intelligently is to be healthy, happy  
and helpful, to gain domination over  
self and to enjoy the good things of  
life. While to be idle is to bury the  
"own talent" so that it is finally taken  
away and given to him who already  
has enough and to spare.

LATE INVENTIONS.

Scales are included in the handle of  
a grocer's scoop that a Philadelphian  
has patented, so that the contents can  
be weighed when taken from a box,  
barrel or bin.

To prevent backaches a Maine  
farmer has invented a jointed hoe to  
throw potatoes into a net with which  
it is provided as they are dug.

Resembling a carpenter's bit, but  
provided with adjustable cutting  
points, is a new washer cutter that a  
Connecticut man has patented.

A tool for removing the wire  
stitches from magazines has been pat-  
ented by a Colorado man.

The Key to True Success.

The question of true success is of  
world-wide interest, yet it remains un-  
solved. Socialism can give no re-  
ply, because it cripples and destroys  
individual effort—and individuals  
make the world. Government can do  
little, for it accomplishes far less than  
individuals. Education, which strength-  
ens each unit and binds all together,  
can alone bring us in sight of our  
goal and education may be immeasur-  
ably widened in extent and raised  
in value by our able men, who have  
won their spurs, and who are ready  
now to work for the common weal.  
Is not this the hope to true success?  
Henry L. Higginson in the Atlantic.

Plenty of Character.

Mrs. Jones (returning from a call)—  
"I liked their new flat, but there seem-  
ed to be a lack of character in the  
furnishing." Jones—"Lack of charac-  
ter?" Oh, I don't know. The chairs  
were perfect when set upon, the fire-  
place was of a frank, open nature, the  
mirror was given to reflection, the  
lamp radiated brightness and cheer-  
fulness, and the sofa cushions seemed  
ambitious to get a head. Then, on  
the other hand, the wall paper was  
stuck up and the closets were all full.  
Seems to me there was character  
enough in it."—Boston Transcript.

### THE POOR MAN'S TOOL.

The poor man's pick and shovel lead  
progression on his way.  
Make enterprises more faster and bring  
conscience back to stay.

They make man's field of labor, mark his  
boundaries of toil,  
And produce the wealth of nations from  
the bed-rock and the soil.

The poor man's pick and shovel have  
conquered the world.  
And carry civilization over the prairie and  
the plain.

They found the mighty city and the man-  
sions of the rich,  
Prepare the tombs of millionaires and dig  
the pauper's ditch.

The poor man's drill and hammer rend  
the caverns of the earth.  
Bring forth the golden nugget and the  
ore of precious wealth.

They pierce old nature's secrets, and re-  
veal as ages roll,  
The knowledge that is needed to fight  
science to her goal.

—Laura W. Sheldon.

Maxims of Business Woman.

The way in which discouragement  
is borne is the test of character.

The violet at the foot of the moun-  
tain knows little of the storms which  
blow over the mountain top. The  
employee knows little of the problems  
which in times of stress confront the  
employer.

It is better to lose in a good cause  
than to win out in a bad one.

What you mean to do doesn't count.  
It is what you do that makes your re-  
cord.

Might is not right, but right is  
mighty.

Drawbacks to Higher Education.

"I suppose that boy of yours is hav-  
ing a pretty lively time at college?"

"Yes. He was just gettin' through  
the chicken pox when he come down  
with the mumps."

## Little Stories for Business Women

By  
NELLIE FRANCES  
MILBURN

Her Own Milliner

"Where do you get your hats, Min-  
na?" asked Grace Carter one day as  
she and Minna Gritter were eating  
lunch together in the rest room of a  
big department store.

"Well," laughed Minna, taking a  
bite of a juicy pickle, "I usually get  
them out of the ragbag. I have a  
wealthy cousin who has two daugh-  
ters, and just before she went to Eu-  
rope a couple of years ago she gave  
me a number of old hats and a box of  
velvets, ribbons, feathers, buckles,  
and odds and ends. The hat you ad-  
mire is composed of a selection from  
different sources. I bought a new  
wire frame for the crown, which is  
covered with an old piece of black  
chiffon, which I washed in water with  
a little black ink in it, and then pressed  
it. The straw rim was part of an  
old brown hat which I colored with  
black shoe polish. The shaded-flow-  
ers are a lot of flowers of different  
colors which I mended and then dyed  
in a rose-colored dye. As some  
were dark and some light, they now

present an artistically shaded appear-  
ance. This ribbon was also dyed in  
the same solution.

"I have been taking a course of les-  
sons in millinery in an evening class  
at the Y. W. C. A., and it has already  
been worth dollars and dollars to me,  
as I have learned how to line a hat,  
curl plumes, make pretty bows and  
loops, and in fact make an entire hat  
by buying the wire frame, and sewing  
on straw braid, or covering it  
with velvet or silk."

"Oh, Minna," exclaimed Grace in de-  
light, "I have a splendid idea. Now  
I have several old hats that I have  
just been intending to throw away.  
Suppose I bring them over to your  
house some evening and see if you  
could not plan a new hat for me out  
of the best of the materials."

"All right," agreed Minna cordially.  
"I am sure we can evolve something  
pretty and becoming, and I will be  
glad to teach you some of the useful  
things I have learned at the Y. W.  
C. A."

## DOING GOOD WORK

"Say, Tina, I'll bet Greta is going  
to be fired. I've noticed the boss  
looking at her work and talking to  
her several times this week," giggled  
one of the girls in Barnett Bros.' big  
shoe factory to a friend as they sat  
at their benches.

"Too know she's one of the slow-  
est workers in the room," she went  
on maliciously.

"Tina, Greta is slow," admitted  
Tina, "but her work is done thor-  
oughly and nothing is ever slighted.  
You know, Jennie, that the boss has  
two found fault with your work and  
said that you must take more pains."

Jennie Jaynes tossed her head. "I  
know the boss knows I'm the fastest  
worker on this floor, and that's what  
counts when it comes to the pay  
roll."

"I don't like to hear you criticize  
Greta," went on Tina. "She is re-  
spected, and always pleasant, and has  
a better education than most of us  
girls."

"Oh, she's nice enough, but she  
hasn't a bit of style," persisted Jen-  
nie. "She's been wearing that old  
black serge dress for over a year.  
The boss was asking me how I liked  
her one day, and I just up and told  
him that she never went to picnics  
or dances or the five cent theater,  
and hadn't a bit of fun about her,  
and he just laughed and said that she  
did seem very much settled down for  
a young girl."

At that moment the foreman passed  
down the line and the two girls  
ceased their gossiping.

The next Monday morning a sur-  
prise awaited the factory girls. When  
they came out of the dressing room

they saw a notice on the wall stating  
that Miss Greta Eckendorf had been  
appointed forewoman for that floor;  
and Greta, in a neat little black dress  
and white apron, was modestly seated  
at a small table near the en-  
trance.

"Well, wouldn't that astonish you?"  
exclaimed Jennie Jaynes.

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### NOTES OF THE WORKERS.

A tablespoonful of turpentine in a  
washing machine will make clothing  
much whiter.

An international agricultural con-  
gress will be held at Santiago, Chile,  
in September.

If etched plates be used in earth  
in which plants are potted it will keep  
worms away.

At a recent gem exhibition in Lon-  
don there were shown blue, pink and  
aquamarine diamonds.

Sheet aluminum makes better vise  
jaws for handling soft metals than  
either brass or copper.

Approximately one-third of the  
world's supply of copra now is being  
produced in the Philippines.

An incandescent electric lamp of  
442 candle power has been designed  
for lighting public places.

More than 500 girls are being taught  
to operate electrically driven machin-  
ery in a new trade school in New  
York.

The French government plans to  
take a census of aeroplanes that could  
be utilized in event of war.

A magazine printed in raised type  
for the pleasure of blind children has  
been established in New York.

NO WONDER.



L. M. P. Conius—I had a hard time  
this morning to make a man take \$10.  
Goetz Dunn—You don't say! Who  
was he?  
L. M. P. Conius—My tailor, and I  
owe him \$100.

## THE ALARMING PREVALENCE OF ECZEMA

Finds Victims Among Every Race,  
Age and Condition.

Of all the diseases of the skin and  
scalp which torture and disfigure man-  
kind, three-fourths are eczema. Mil-  
lions are born with eczema, and it is  
the only thing other millions have  
left when they die. Neglect in infancy  
and childhood, irritating conditions  
affecting the skin, ignorance of its real  
nature, improper remedies and many  
other causes that might be mentioned  
have created an eczema which, with  
varying severity, has afflicted count-  
less numbers during their entire lives.  
Eczema is a skin disease. It is not  
regarded as hereditary, nor contagious,  
and is impartially distributed among  
the rich and poor, the high and low.  
The agonizing itching and burning of  
the skin, causing loss of sleep, is usu-  
ally the most distressing symptom and is  
caused by the bursting of little vesicles  
filled with an acrid fluid, which burns  
as with fire the denuded skin. New  
vesicles form, fill and burst, scales  
form upon scales, and crusts upon  
crusts until disfigurement is added to  
torture.

One of the most successful treat-  
ments for eczema, whether applied to  
the youngest infant or the oldest per-  
son, is hot baths with Cuticura Soap  
and gentle anointments of Cuticura oint-  
ment. For more than a generation,  
these pure, sweet and gentle emol-  
lients have proved the most efficient  
agents in the speedy and permanent  
relief of all forms of eczemas, rashes,  
itchings and irritations of the skin and  
scalp. Although Cuticura soap and  
ointment are sold by druggists and  
dealers everywhere, in order that  
those who have suffered long and  
hopelessly and who have lost faith in  
everything may make trial of them  
without charge, a liberal sample of  
each will be mailed free to any ad-  
dress, together with a 23-page pam-  
phlet, giving a description and treatment  
of the various forms of eczema, as  
well as other affections of the skin,  
scalp, hair and hands—send to "Cut-  
icura," Dept. W, Boston.

Deaths From Wild Beasts in India.  
Wild beasts and snakes were the  
cause of 21,904 deaths in India in  
1908. Tigers killed 269 people, leop-  
ards 302, wolves 269, other wild ani-  
mals 688, and snakes 19,738, while  
17,326 wild animals and 70,494 snakes  
were destroyed.

## MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here  
with the picture of my fifteen year old  
daughter Alice, who was restored to  
health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-  
ble Compound. She was pale, with dark  
circles under her eyes, weak and irri-  
table. Two different  
doctors treated her  
and called it Green  
Sickness, but she  
grew worse all the  
time. Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound was recom-  
mended, and after taking three bot-  
tles she has regained her health, thanks  
to your medicine. I can recommend it  
for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A.  
CONKERN, 1103 Rutland Street, Balti-  
more, Md.

Hundreds of such letters from moth-  
ers expressing their gratitude for what  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound has accomplished for their daugh-  
ters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham  
Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.  
Girls who are troubled with painful  
or irregular periods, backache, head-  
ache, dragging down sensations, faint-  
ing spells or indigestion, should take  
immediate action and be restored to  
health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-  
ble Compound. Thousands have been  
restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn,  
Mass., for advice, free.